

There's No Place Like Home

Glancing at the right corner of the computer screen, my tired fingers speed up again to catch up with the work pace of my colleague. It is three o'clock in the morning on yet another day when I have worked overtime over the last two months since I moved to the capital city of my country. The heavy workload make me frustrated and keep me moving forward to complete the horrible tasks that fill my days, one by one, without a single breath in between: collecting materials, screening ideas, selecting slogans, designing logos, drawing samples, writing creation descriptions, making PowerPoints. It just goes on and on.

I mechanically urge my fingers to move, flipping and reviewing my last worksheet to finish. Then, I look out on the window of my high-rise into the night—gray dull and depressive. I can't help but recall my sweet rural life and a starry night with my parents when I was a young boy.

Oh, starry, starry night...

Every night of my rural life was full of happiness. I would lay on the ground and peer up at the summer's night, taste the perfume of grass, breathe the clean, fresh breeze, and feel the night chill. It was a small town where my parents chose to live their entire lives. I still remember that I was woken up by the sunlight and the rustle of amber grain in morning fields each day instead of the noise of traffic from the streets below. Life was quiet and simple and easy; they days passed went slowly and pleasantly.

Living in a small town has some unique advantages. I had many friends in my small town and I have wonderful memories of being with them. Instead of suffering the loneliness which is prevalent in big cities, children can grow up more healthily because of the harmonious relationships among residents in small town. People in small towns do not have to get up so early in the morning because there is no traffic jam, and nobody drives so fast in small town so as to cause accidents. They might have fewer channels on television, but they have lots of space and friends to enjoy and entertain them.

People who live in small towns often have a much comfortable lifestyle too. Most of them are immune from the suffering caused by high working stress. Although the average pay is much less than

that in big cities, the price of daily necessities such as vegetables or meat are a lot more inexpensive. The sum of my parents' salaries combined was less than mine, but they still had a prosperous life. However, it is difficult for most people who are middle- or lower-class, like me, to have a comfortable life in big cities because the overall superior and very expensive living standards in cities comparatively.

Also, for most families, children's' education is always put in first place, and city children are supposed to be able to receive an education with a higher quality compared with their counterparts who live in small towns. But, taking me as an example, this is not always the case. I was born and lived my life all the way to finishing my senior school education in a small town. My hard work and study made sure that I got the admission ticket to a famous university and was able to find a decent job in the capital city. It is the knowledge I learned in small town that helped me to have a quality life in big city, which is something most people desire but that I have learned isn't as great as it seems.

I long for the cozy atmosphere and relationships among neighbors and friends I enjoyed in the country. After staying up all night working, fighting pedestrian traffic on my walk home while cringing painfully at the sound of honking traffic in my pounding head, I arrive at my apartment building, where I don't know any of my neighbors and no one talks to me or each other at all. I have two hours to sleep before returning to the office to begin again. I think to myself as I collapse on my bed that maybe one day, after I have earned enough money here in the city, I will return to the small town of my childhood to retire in quiet, comfortable, friendly peace and enjoy the starry, starry nights for the rest of my days.

Ready, set, go! Ten minutes left. Task: pick a topic for an opinion essay. This should not be difficult. Think, think, think. I feel like all nerve cells in my brain are dying from hard work. No, no – they are not trying to create something from nothing, they do not do magic. It would be a disaster for a graduate student to have empty space inside his brain where ideas couldn't form. Luckily for me this is not a problem, at least for now. But to pick one idea out of many can be troublesome. Finally—eureka! Maybe this is a good opportunity to write a few words about something that has seemed strange to me for a long time. It might sound a little bit outrageous, especially here in the USA, but I have to say it. Of my own free will, I dare to challenge Americans' judgment when it comes to their "national pastime" of baseball. Why would anyone love what is possibly the most boring sport in the world, especially when watched on TV. Frankly, baseball just sucks.

Okay, I was not born in the USA, and thus warm feelings for this sport are not in my DNA. But maybe it is not a matter of biology, since for example football (another American game) is quite appealing to me. So, what is my problem with baseball, which is probably the most popular sport in the USA? I agree that playing it on the field may be kind of fun, if you like standing around forever waiting for a 5-second-long burst of activity. But being a spectator and enjoying it? What a snorefest....oh, sorry, I fell asleep for a second just thinking about it. What makes this sport unwatchable is the near total lack of action on the field and—a direct result of this—the unbelievably long duration of the game. I could write this essay ten times over before a single game concluded on my TV set.

I remember my first baseball game on TV; to be exact it is not a memory of a game by itself but rather the feeling of total boredom. What was there to be excited about? Most players just stay in their positions waiting for a batter to finally swing, after the pitcher eventually finishes daydreaming and scratching his crotch, to hit a tiny, nearly invisible ball into a field so big that it takes forever for another player to catch or retrieve it. Players in the infield and outfield stand around and fidget and the others sit on a bench until they are up to bat, and everyone—including spectators—simply wait and wait and wait for something to happen. Motion is definitely not the strongest attribute of this sport. Neither is enthusiasm, it seems, as players appear to express their passion for the game by removing the saliva from their mouths every few seconds. This sometimes looks like they're having a spitting contest. Wow, what an engaging competition! But I guess they have to do something to occupy themselves while they just stand around waiting for a little fall to hopefully fly towards them.

Okay, okay, I'm being sarcastic. But as a sports fan, I have spent many, many hours watching games on TV—basketball, volleyball, football, soccer, hockey, you name it. I do not like all of them equally but at least there is some action going on at all time in these games, some movement and evidence that the players are in fact still breathing. They run, jump, tackle opponents, skate, and even fight. In general, they do things that make watching the sport interesting and even thrilling to watch. After all, they are team sports, where movement and action are the heart of the

game. But this is not true of baseball. Yes, I agree that when the batter finally hits the ball and people start running, this game at least for a moment becomes vigorous. But again, after this short period of awakening, the game returns to its usual idle mode.

Slow. Phlegmatic. Tiring. Boring. Long. Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzz.... Oops, did I just fall asleep again?

This leads to my second argument about the duration of the game. Honestly, enduring—no, surviving—approximately three hours of watching spitting men stand around until a batter finally hits a ball and the few seconds of catching, throwing, and running that follow is not exactly enthralling. I have never been able to persevere all the way to the end of a game. The feeling of purposefulness is just too overwhelming each time I was try. I usually end up getting so restless that I start unconsciously biting my nails or picking my nose just to alleviate the utter inaction on the TV. Other games are long too, such as football which can also last three hours, but in these there is almost constant and fast-paced action. Even worse that individual games being excruciatingly lengthy, the baseball season stretches over what seems like decades before the national championships come along. Each team plays more than 160 games a year, making baseball the longest soap opera on TV. It is just too much. There must be some balance. I like watching football or volleyball but if these came in such excessive and lethal doses per season, I would abandon them too. Watching sports on TV is similar to having a good, balanced diet: you eat food you like but do not binge on it every time.

I understand that there are many fans of this sport, people who cherish everything in regard to the baseball league. I am just not one of them. And that's okay: not everyone has to be a baseball fan, even if it is the most popular pastime in the country. A lot of people think that *American Idol* is the greatest show on TV too, which in my book is the dumbest show in the history of TV. Just because a lot of people something doesn't mean that they are wrong. But it also doesn't make that certain thing any less stupid or pointless. And, for me, baseball fits right into this category.

Wow, after all this time writing such a fat yawn of a sport, I think I'll go take a nap.

Will Part of You Be Left Behind?

Walking in from the mailbox--my fingers and face frozen and red from the blustering late-February wind--I pull the bundle of papers out of the large, orange envelope. The heading immediately catches my eye: Mid-America Transplant Services. The rest of my body freezes on the front stoop of my house--but not from the cold. Skimming the paper, I stop on this line as a lump crawls slowly up my throat: *Bone. Soft tissue. Heart valves. Veins. Skin. Eyes.*

I scan the line again: *Bone. Soft Tissue. Heart Valves. Veins. Skin. Eyes? His clear eyes?*

His clear, honey eyes?

Bone. Soft tissue. Heart valves. Veins. Skin. Eyes. These are the six things which were recovered from my brother's body after he unexpectedly died in a car accident in February of 2007. Representatives at Mid-America Transplant Services told my family that Joe's contribution would aid at least one dozen individuals in desperate need of transplants. This was supposed to be comforting. It wasn't.

Death drapes a dark, selfish cloak over the shoulders of those left behind. Thus, I did not care in February of 2007 that Joe was helping others. I did not care a great deal in March of 2007 or July of 2007, either. I only cared about remembering my brother as I knew him while he was still alive. Little did I know that by being an organ donor, Joe was extending his memory into the afterlife. Little did I know how much this would affect my own future actions.

Joe was a registered organ donor for as long as I can remember. He was very passionate

about this choice. One sunny July afternoon when I was young--eight, maybe nine--Joe and I were standing in line at the bank. The line was long. Hot rays poured through the large glass windows that lined one wall of the musky building. Standing next to me, Joe flipped his driver's license around in his long, wiry fingers. Playing my role as the annoying little sister, I snatched the card from his grasp. I snickered with pride. It was then that I saw the checked organ donor box on the back of his license and there on the dotted line was his illegible signature in dark blue ink. The snicker I had previously emitted was suddenly replaced with a gasp of horror. Even at this young age, I was able to comprehend what this meant--and it scared me. To death.

I handed Joe his license and began grilling him with questions in a demanding tone. "Joe, *why* would you do that? They could *take* your body away from us." Putting my petite hands on my hips and filling my voice with unwarranted attitude, I then asked Joe the ultimate question, "Do Mom and Dad know?" When I asked him why he would ever even *think* about being an organ donor, he shrugged his shoulders and replied with a question of his own, "If I die tomorrow, what good will my body be to me?" I was quiet the whole ride home.

In retrospect, it was not the fact that Joe chose to be an organ donor that scared me so much. It was that in preparing for the aftermath of his possible death, Joe accepted that he could die at any moment. What would I do without my big brother?

When faced with the reality of actually answering this question after Joe's death, I remembered that day at the bank. I saw us standing there, side by side, both bronze from the summer sun--but Joe was darker. His hair was raven black; mine was light brown with splashes of blonde strands in some spots. This juxtaposing image reminded me that our differences were always so distinct, and now becoming more defined every day. For example: Joe was dead, I was alive. *For now*, I numbly mused to myself, *who knows what tomorrow could bring*.

With time, through my memories of Joe--memories like the one in the bank--I began to realize the importance of being an organ donor. When I turned eighteen in February 2008, approximately one week before the one-year anniversary of Joe's accident, I became a registered organ donor. Why? Partly because my big brother, my hero, *my* Joe was an organ donor. Another part of me chose to become a registered organ donor because, if I am to lose my own life someday, why shouldn't I give life back to others?

Many people are afraid to register as organ donors for two reasons. First, to check the box on the back of one's license means to accept that one will die someday. By not thinking about it, it seems as if humans are evading the matter altogether. But people are still dying every day. Second, in a society where we are constantly racing the clock, who has time to register as an organ donor? Who possibly has time to even think about this when dinner still needs to be cooked, Billy needs to be picked up from soccer practice, and there are still hours of work waiting for you at the office?

All of this aside, the matter of organ donation is a simple one. Even if an individual does not personally know someone who has been an organ donor or who is in need of an organ transplant, the matter should still have significance in the individual's life. Don't believe me? Answer Joe's question: "If I die tomorrow, what good will my body be to me?"

Death is a done deal. Thus, being an organ donor doesn't hurt the donor. The only people hurt are those who go without transplants every day, because there aren't enough organ donors out there. Here's the solution to Joe's question: your body will be no good to you, whatsoever. However, it could save the life of someone else. So, check the box on the back of your license, sign your name on the dotted line, and it will be a done deal--a lot like death itself.

Standing on the stoop in front of my house, frozen still from head to toe, I ponder *somebody has my big brother's clear, honey eyes?* A revelation seeps deep into my pores. *Yes. Somebody has my big brother's clear, honey eyes.* A picture of the world appears in my mind. I see face after face after face. I focus on the eye's of these faces: blue, dark brown, hazel, green, gray... I smile. The smile releases a wave of warmth across my body. *Someone has been given a gift; those eyes saw the good in everything they touched.*

I walk inside, throw the mail on to the kitchen counter, and prepare a pot of rich Hershey's hot chocolate for my younger brother, sister, and myself. When we each have a steaming mug sitting in front of us on the maple-stained kitchen table, we all throw extra marshmallows into our drinks and laugh in unison as hot chocolate spatters on to the table around us.

Bone. Soft tissue. Heart valves. Veins. Skin. Eyes. These are the parts of my brother that survived his death. If you die tomorrow, will part of you be left behind?

It's Snowing Cats and Dogs

When I was a kid, our house sheltered both a cat and a dog, yet it was always the cat that I chose to torture with my childish zeal. Somehow, I found it entertaining to wrap the cat in a blanket and run around the house with it in my arms, pretending it was a doll. Strangely, my hands often ended up marked with long, red scratches – the signs of my cat's strong dislike for my clever ideas. Still, my preference for the felines did not lessen, and my efforts to make the cat return my love only strengthened. As I now realize, I was always meant to be a cat person. There was never a point in my life where it could've been otherwise. I love dogs too. They are friendly, kind, and sometimes even smart. They can save lives, catch criminals, and lead the blind. However, despite all that, nothing can compete with ~~the~~ cats. Cats are simply superior creatures beyond all comparisons; they are smart, neat, and graceful.

In the ancient times, Egyptians worshiped ~~the~~ cats, and I think they knew what they were talking about. Cats are the epitome of gracefulness, intelligence and beauty. With an air of superiority, a cat walks into a room, grasping all the attention without a single meow. Its movements are neat and fluid; its fur shimmers in the sunlight, and its eyes are focused on you in a telepathic way. What a contrast when a dog enters the same room. It ~~stumps~~^{stamps} its wide paws, making the walls shake. ^A~~The~~ dog demands attention by barking and squealing, jumping all over

you and leaving trails of saliva behind. It would be quite difficult to imagine an Egyptian pharaoh kneeling in front of a dog as the drool from its mouth slowly drips on his shoulder. 😊

Besides being so godlike and beautiful, cats are also very smart. ^AThe cat's intelligence levels are far more advanced than the intelligence levels of a dog. For one, cats are smart enough to use a litter box and even clean themselves afterwards. In contrast, dogs are in a constant need of going for a walk – rain or snow. On top of that, dogs need their owner to accompany them on those perilous walks. And if that is not appalling enough, after the walk, ^athe dog ^{will}would sprint into the house, leaving dirty paw prints on the carpet and filling the air with the smell of wet fur. So as the owner mops up the mess his dog has made, ^{my}the appreciation level for ~~the~~ cat climbs yet higher.

Then again, some dogs have the ability to save people's lives – a rather valuable feature.

Avoid the
"You" voice

You could not picture a cat dragging its owner by the leg, away from a smoking house. Though in most cases cats cannot save their owner's lives, cats sure make our lives easier. Cats' solitary existence makes it worry-free for ~~the cat's~~ owner to leave ^{their}his precious darlings alone, while ^{they}be enjoys a nice weekend in the Bahamas. Food and water are all that is necessary for ^athe cat's survival. A dog, however, cannot be left alone without putting the owner at risk of losing either his dog or his shoes. Plus, upon the owner's return home, ~~the~~ dog is in a frenzy of excitement and joy. It hops and heaves, delivering a countless number of wet, warm, gooey licks on ^{PR}his cheek. While the owner suffers from the dog's passionate greeting, the cat patiently awaits its turn to greet the owner with a soft purring and a gentle meow. After all, the cat is there to relieve its owner from the stress of a long, tiring trip, not to add more.

Another amazing quality that distinguishes dogs from cats is ~~the~~ cats' complex and mysterious personalities. Yes, cats are arrogant and selfish and consider themselves ~~as~~superior.

For instance, if I want my cat, Vikki, to keep my feet warm during a cold night, she always tends to curl up on my pillow instead – a true spot for a queen. Nevertheless, when cats' pride is mixed with a little bit of sweetness and shyness, or friendliness and charm, cats present a rich cocktail of characteristics that makes them entirely unique. Dogs, on the other hand, all come in a standard form – hyper, happy, and obsessed with chasing or chewing ^{WC} anonymous objects. There are, of course, exceptions to that formula. Some dogs are calm, quiet, and collected; however, those perfect pups seem to be beyond the reach of common mortals. 😊

Yet, despite all the slobbering, the yowling, and the mess, I still keep a dog in my house: not just one but three. Each of them is a character, each has its own flaws, and each contributes to the commotion in its own, unique way. For instance, Chewy – a brown Shitzu – is responsible for the angry barking during the day. Renfield – Chewy's white brother – picks up the barking shift after sunset. And Bonita – a Chocolate Lab – is on duty 24/7 with her hyperventilating outbursts of infinite enthusiasm. On some ^{extremely} rare days, the erratic trio can stay quiet and be sweet. Typically, those are the days that justify my reasons for adopting three puppies, who ^{happened to have grown} just so ~~happen~~ ^{grow} up into overexcited, obnoxious dogs.

Still, no matter how much I might love my dogs, there are always moments when I question the long-asked question: who really is man's best friend? Is it the dog – ^{the} crazy, drooling, barking dweeb? Or is it the cat – ^{the} graceful, intelligent, tidy creature? It is always in the middle of the night when the contrast between the two species of pets becomes quite clear to me. While my cat sleeps silently beside me – not a sound or a movement disturbing my dream – ^{the} thunderous barking penetrates the silence. The motives behind my dogs' barking are unknown to me. Perhaps, it is a leaf that fell from a tree or a bird that flew above our house, ^{or} most likely, ~~it is~~ their desire to awaken half the neighborhood. All the same, the canines keep on barking as the

noise is greatly amplified by the dead stillness of the night. As my dreams and hopes of attaining a good night sleep flee ~~me~~ with the speed of light, the answer becomes quite clear to me – cats are better than dogs.

In the end, after being a devoted member of the feline fan club for most of my life, I have discovered that cats are not only intelligent and magnificent creatures, but also are better pets than dogs. It is never the cat that wakes you up in the middle of the night barking at even God ~~does~~ ^I know what. It's not the cat that slobbers all over you and your furniture in a state of excitement. It's not the cat that invades your personal space for attention or to beg you to throw a tennis ball. It's the dogs that make our lives so much more complicated; therefore, how can dogs be considered man's best friend? So in the endless battle of canines versus felines, there can only be one winner, and in my opinion ~~the~~ cats take the prize, paws down.

Speaking English in Chinese people's daily life? So what!

Let's play a language game here, I speak the word in the voice of the language from Shanghai, and you guess the meaning. First, "simenting"; second, "lusong"; and third, "angsai". You have no idea with them, right? As they look strange to you, could you guess the meanings from their pronouncements?

Now I will give you the answer. In Shanghai, one of the most famous city in China, when talking about "simenting", every local citizen knows it means "cement", a type of construction material; when saying "lusong" soup, people know it is a kind of Russian soap which comes from the word "Russian"; and an "angsai" person is a degrading one which comes from "on sale". All these words have been used since Shanghai was colonized by western countries one hundred years ago. And these words then used by the whole Chinese people when they were shifted into mandarin.

However, this entrance of language gets into the whole part of China continuously for a long period. Nowadays, it is not abnormal for Chinese people to use English words during their daily talks. This language influence which classifies the meaning of the words and makes life easier is very welcomed in China.

Usually, the English language is wildly used in workplace in China, especially in the companies that belong to overseas companies or cooperate with foreign companies. Many words contain in the working process are used in English directly. That language habit has already become a tradition in these kinds of companies which successfully avoid misunderstanding of the words. Because if Chinese companies translate every words into Chinese language, their employees will have to exchange them back into English again when having meeting or working with foreign employees or even managers. It is obviously that not every one can translate every word correctly. Chances are that one original English word which is translated into Chinese will be translated back into English variedly by different people. That terrible situation will bring a lot of trouble to the work. That leads to the fact that Chinese people prefer to use

English words, for example “presentation”, “team work”, “intern”, “schedule”, “messenger”, in their working, and through their working communication as well.

Moreover, a lot of Chinese people are willing to pick English names for themselves, which makes both work easier and life more fashionable. As we all know Chinese names are hard to pronounce for western people, in order not to make both foreign officers and Chinese employees feel inconvenient and embarrassed, calling everyone by English names is better and more effective. Many common people also prefer to use their English nick names instead their Chinese names. The English names are generally shorter, easy to speak and make them feel they are closed to the modern westerners. That’s why a girl named “Jane” stays in China and can speak Chinese very well, just because she is a Chinese.

Further more, with the frequent development of the world trade and global communication, more and more English abbreviation words have been introduced into Chinese directly instead of their Chinese long complex names which are translated from the original meanings. For instance, in business, “WTO” means “World Trade Organization”; when in hospital, having a “CT” means having “Computed Tomography”; in the language test, everyone knows “TOEFL” is the abbreviation of “The Test of English as a Foreign Language”. Also some local institutions, organization or groups nominate their names through English abbreviation in order to make their names look concise and not easy to forget. The abbreviation is always use at the name of the banks, such as “BC” is “Bank of China”, “ABC” is “Agriculture Bank of China”, “ICBC” is “Industry and Commercial Bank of China” etc. Remembering the abbreviation is much easier for most people, thus, using English words makes life of Chinese people easier.

It is obviously that people in China are more and more familiar with inserting English into their speaking culture from everyday life to the professional business. Speaking English makes Chinese people life become more convenient. As a result, when walking along the street in Shanghai, one of the most famous cities in China you hear a voice: “Oh my god! Jane! Hi!” Don’t suspect that you find the speaker is a black-hair, black-eyes and yellow-face Chinese girl who may never stay aboard.

Live Off Campus

Depending on personal experience, personality type and different life styles, some American college students have an opinion about live on campus, meanwhile, others prefer to live off campus. Some students like to live on campus because it's living in the university and it's very convenient for daily life. On the other hand, some students prefer to live off campus because the price is much cheaper than on campus, and it's allowed to cook. In my point of view, it is more beneficial for college students to live off campus than on campus.

First of all, live off campus is much cheaper offer and much bigger living space, and it's allowed to cook. For instance, since I live on campus I need to pay \$3,600 a semester for my living and eating and four people live in one room. However, if I live off campus I only need to pay \$5,000 a year, and I can cook by myself or go out to eat. Therefore, I can save money not only for my living, but also for my eating.

Secondly, there is no air condition in the dorm rooms when the summer comes the tempter in the dorm is extremely high. The room is so swelter that I had no mood for studying, even sleeping. The tempter is around 90F, even I turn the fan on all night when I wake up my body were all wet because it's too hot.

Finally, while living off campus, it's a great opportunity for training self-independent. When I live off campus, there may be many difficulties that you have to face and solve, so I need to take care of myself. I need to schedule my time very well; otherwise, I might be late to your classes. Furthermore, it's very important to eat health because most of my friends who live off campus only have one meal or two meals a day, and they always have junk food. That's extremely bad for human's health. So, after living off campus, it is a good chance for

you to train myself, and you must be responsibility to me.

Although I agree that there might be some advantages of live on campus, I think that the disadvantages are more obvious. For example, the foods in the dining hall are expensive and not test well. Also, the room is too small for four people to live, and that is not value for the price. Moreover, it is hard to find a parking space near the dormitory.

All in all, live off campus is more beneficial for college students, not only for saving money, but also for training self- independent. Consequently, it is sagacious to live off campus.

My sisters, brother and I all sat on my bed. It was Christmas Eve, and time for me, the youngest, to go to bed so that Santa could come. My oldest sister Nancy got out the book The Night Before Christmas. Every year she read this to us before bedtime, taking over for my father who used to read it to her. I loved the pictures in soft colors, browns and yellows that made me sleepy, words of sugar plums and elves that were going to bring me things I had wanted all year. As we snuggled on that bed, I felt nothing in the world could ever go wrong.

I know that times have changed. Big sisters are busy on their cell phones, big brothers are glued to the Nintendo, and moms and dads are swamped with job and home. But even now, with my oldest sister just graduated from college and my youngest a freshman in high school, on Christmas Eve I still want to take time out to read this story. It's one of the few moments we are all together, that we take the time to love each other and remember the days when we were little and cuddled on my bed while I heard all about Santa's busy night.

And it doesn't just need to be once a year. Reading to your children--or your siblings--is beneficial any time. Not only does it encourage them to become readers themselves, but it is a time when the two of you are devoted to listening and being listened to, something that doesn't happen often enough these days. It is a time for imagination and dreams, a time when you can discover poetry about daffodils or crazy elephants that get their trunks stuck in the telephone cord (a particular favorite of mine when I was young). It is a time to slow down and relax and enjoy simpler pleasures. It's a time to let each other know you care.

I know how tough it is these days to squeeze time in for things like this. I wish I had more time to just sit and read with children. But when we do, it has the magical effect of softening the edges of our otherwise busy lives. If we value one another, if

we value imagination and creativity, then reading with children is the best way I know to keep this alive. If you are a child, take a book up to your sister or father, put a sweet look on your face, and ask to read the book together. If you are an adult, find that special child and let her know how much she means to you by sitting her on your lap and reading her one of your favorite books. You will not regret the time you spend.